The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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MEANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY

By ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

AS I intend to tell our readers by degrees something of my experiences in India during my recent fifteen months' stay there, it would be logical to begin at the beginning. However, one is not always inclined to do the logical thing, so I am going to recount first, what is greenest in my memory, the journey home.

On January 2, I had a last word with every patient in the Holy Family Hospital. It took three languages to accomplish that, English, Hindustani and German, and a fourth one, Bengali, would have been useful but we managed without it. Sherifa, a nice old Mohammedan woman who stayed day and night with her sick daughter, took a worn silver ring from her finger and gave it to me as a parting gift. Then I visited the dozen or more little cribs, but I could not make their inmates realize how I hated to leave them. As farewells are always unpleasant and best left unmentioned, I was glad when I was settled in the train and moving toward Lahore.

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL, RAWALPINDI

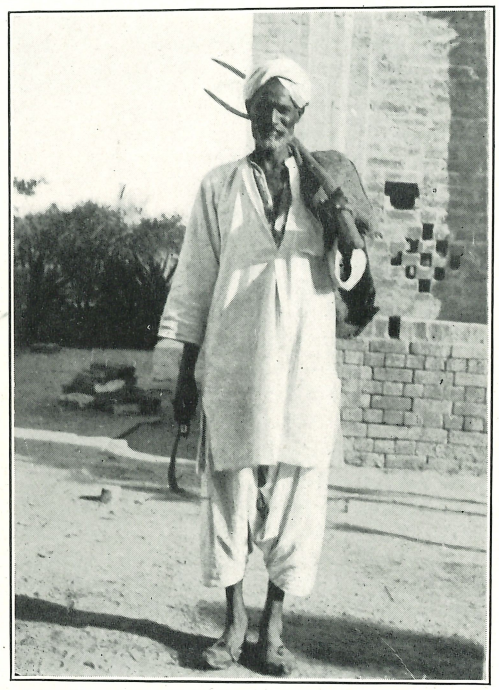
I arrived there in the morning and changed trains for Karachi. A journey of 24 hours was ahead of me. It was a perfect Punjab winter day; the air was fresh, the sun bright, and energy in the atmosphere. What a kind dispensation of Providence it is that the heavy work of harvesting in these arid plains comes in the cool season. It was a feast to the eyes to travel past miles of orange groves and to see men, women and children gathering the golden vitamin balls, and heaping them in great mounds in preparation for transportation. I was struck by one variety; it was almost red. Cotton and sugar cane were also ripe. The slow but sure camel has to carry huge loads of them to their destinations. I was told that a camel is expected to walk about five miles a day carrying a load of five *maunds* (a maund is 80 pounds). Here, as in other parts of Hindustan the hardworking Indian peasant has to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

I travelled this way through the Sind desert ten years ago and I was very much impressed by the transformation brought about by irrigation. Large areas are verdant and fertile as the result of it. It was done on a very large scale and is one of the engineering feats of the world.

As we went along, although there was a certain sameness there was no monotony. Here were old cedars, and there were teak woods; camels and goats feasting on the leaves of the thorny acacia, shepherds minding their cattle, picturesque *sadhus* (beggars) plodding along, camel riders in the distance, here and there little groups of sun-dried brick huts, stacks of straw covered with mud plaster (to preserve the straw) and last but not least, buses full of people. Wherever there are roads there are buses now the world over.

In Multan an elegantly dressed young Mohammedan lady got on the train. As soon as it began to move, she fixed up silk *resais* (quilts) and made herself comfortable. Then, turning to me, she said in perfect English: "It is rather

awkward in the train, but one must pray." She then knelt on her *resais* and went through the whole ceremony of the Mohammedan prayers. Afterwards she began her meal and offered me some fruit. She told us that she was the Inspectress of Schools in Sind. She had many men and women under her in cities and in villages. To some of the latter ones in distant places, she said she had to go on camel back. She told us that she belonged to an influential family in Lahore and that her father believed in the education of women and had had all his daughters educated. Two of her sisters were doctors, both held important positions and one young sister was studying medicine. I questioned her about *purdah*. It was quite plain that she did not observe it. She said that in Lahore, a city of over 300,000 inhabitants, eight prominent families had given it up, but in the province of Sind where she was working it was still strictly observed. She also said that in a native state from which she had just returned, the women were in the strictest kind of *purdah*. A 14-year-old sister of the ruler was not allowed to be seen by any strangers, not even women. Of the many things she told us, two remarks struck me, particularly. One was that she thought that in her district men were better teachers on the whole on account of their greater physical strength and energy. In some ways this can be understood because one has to consider that for many women teachers it is a case of the first generation facing the stress and strain of public life. The other remark was that she firmly believed that religion should be part of the school education. She meant it mostly, I believe, in the sense of practicing religion in the school. Although she was young, she was a lady of formed opinions and views and of knowledge. With it she combined real charm and simplicity, characteristic of the ladies of India who have the chance of culture and education.



THE INDIAN PEASANT HAS TO EARN HIS BREAD BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW

I looked forward to my arrival in Karachi as it meant meeting staunch friends of long ago. They were at the station in full force to meet me and to relieve me of all the cares of travelling. Karachi is a beautiful seaport. It has many fine buildings and modern ideas and ideals of city planning and sanitation. There are several fine hospitals but no Catholic one.

As I had never had the opportunity of visiting Goa, I was delighted to see in Karachi a replica of the body of St. Francis Xavier. He is especially honored there on account of its large and influential Goan population who revere the saint as their great apostle. St. Francis did a good job; the Goans seem Catholic to the core. In few places in the world does one see such religious zeal. Many go to daily Mass, and the rosary is recited in most families. I was privileged to meet many friends of my friends in their homes. As it was just after Christmas I was invited to look at the Cribs which were in every house,—not only little paper ones, but nice figures which were placed with thought and care in suitable surroundings.

One of the churches I visited was particularly interesting because it was an example of the putting into effect the much-discussed accomodation idea. The exterior and interior are in Mohammedan style. The effect was not strange as the sanctuary light makes one feel at home at once.

The last day of my stay, my friends took me to a village about 12 miles distant, to a so-called garden town. We visited a beautiful plantation which just then presented a sad spectacle. The night before the temperature had fallen to 42° F. and the frost had killed hundreds and it seemed thousands of banana and young papia trees. Other fruit trees of which there were a great number, did not seem to be affected.

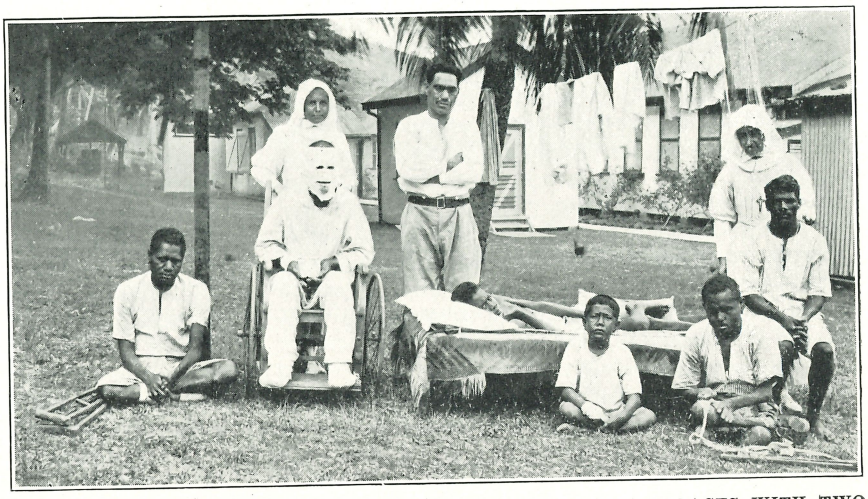
On our way back we passed several laborers' huts. When we approached one, a regular procession of women and children emerged from it. I could not imagine how so many could fit into such a small space. Fortunately, the climate permits them to spend the greater part of the 24 hours in the open. Some of the houses belonging to small landowners were very substantially built. I asked if I might visit one of them. The ladies of our party went with me. At first the women were a little surprised, but all suspicion vanished when my friends explained that I came from a hospital and that I liked to see different types of houses in India.

(*Continued on page* 11)

THE LEPER COLONY OF MAKOGAI, FIJI ISLANDS

By Rev. Peter Quinn, S.M.

THE only organized leprosarium in the Marist missions of the South Seas, is that of Makogai, in the Fiji Islands. This settlement should not be confused with the older and better known one of Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands, the scene of Father Damien's and Brother Dutton's labors.



THE KING OF THE LEPERS—HIS HEAD IS COVERED WITH BANDAGES WITH TWO OPENINGS FOR THE EYES AND ONE FOR THE MOUTH

Prior to 1911 some 30 Fijians afflicted with leprosy in an advanced stage were segregated in the small island of Bega, south of Viti Levu. These unfortunates were left there without medical attention and with only a Fijian guardian to furnish them with the bare necessities of life. Worse than this, a large number of lepers were mingling with the population, thus spreading the disease. The English Colonial Government, then aroused by the seriousness of the situation, bought the island of Makogai, a cocoanut plantation, to intern the lepers.

Makogai, an island about two and one-half miles long and one and one-half miles wide, surrounded by coral reefs and covering an area of about 2,000 acres, is eighteen miles from Levuka, the ancient capital of the Fijis. It is one of the loveliest, one of the most picturesque islands in the South Seas and a veritable forest of cocoanut trees. Two small islands protect it against the waves and the winds: One, is the cemetery of the ancient chiefs of Makogai and is full of bones and skulls (gruesome reminders of the days when cannibalism was rampant); the other, Makadranga, is a plantation of cocoanut trees and has never, according to the Fijian tradition, been inhabited by anyone except Sevoro, a devil, who passed his time making his two companions dance while he played on a bamboo tree.

Most interesting is the story of the development of this leper colony. Unable to find lay nurses for a work so repulsive to human nature, the English Governor applied to the Marist Bishop, the Most Rev. J. Vidal, then ruling over Fiji, for religious nurses. The bishop placed the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary in charge. The first group to be sent out, numbered two white sisters and two natives. Today, there are twenty-four, fourteen of whom are white and ten natives. Of the original group, one is still doing service; while another, a native sister, is there in the capacity of a patient, having contracted the disease four years ago. Three other nuns, two natives and one white sister from the Gilbert Islands, are companion patients with her.

The first group of lepers arrived on September 11, 1911. They were 30 in all, of different nationalities, covered with sores, dirty, famished and disgruntled. For more than a month they had used no soap and for fifteen days they had had no water with which to wash themselves. As one of the sisters looked at the convoy, she saw two men approaching her, each carrying on his back a heavy burden. "What are you carrying?" she asked. "Two Indian women," they replied. "One is blind; the other insane. Both are stark naked. They smelled so badly that we had to throw their clothes into the sea."

Today there are over 502 lepers in the colony, not only Fijians, but Europeans, Tongans, Samoans, Gilbert Islander, New Hebrideans, Solomon Islanders, Chinese, and over 100 Indians. Each nationality has its separate village along the sea, consisting of a number of low cottages supported by props as a protection against cyclones, so common in the Fijis. Each village has its own dispensary in which the sisters receive the patients every morning and dress their wounds. In the center of the island are two large hospitals for the most advanced cases—one for the men and the other for the women. In these hospitals the natives learn to sleep in beds. This is a hygienic precaution, rather than a quest for comfort, for the native Oceanians usually sleep on mats stretched on the

floor and consider it a penance to have to use beds.

Every morning two of the nuns make the rounds of the villages on horseback to look after the patients, to teach school, and to see that everything is in order. If they find any patients requiring special attention, they have them transferred to the hospital in a blanket. (The corners of the blanket are knotted together two by two, the patient is placed in the center, a pole is passed under the knots and obliging lepers lift the pole on to their shoulders and thus carry the patient.)

One of the patients is a European, known as the "King of the Lepers." He was sent to Makogai in 1925 by the government of New Zealand, in a little steamer, shut up in a wooden cage. So horrible was his appearance that the ship's crew never dared to approach him or even to look at him. He is now without fingers or toes. His head is covered with bandages with two openings for the eyes and one for the mouth. The greater the misery of these unfortunates, the dearer they are to the Sisters and the chaplain and the greater the attention they receive.

Varied, indeed, is the work of the good sisters. In the hospitals they serve as anesthetists and assist the doctor. This includes administering chaulmoogra oil which has so beneficial an effect on nearly all stages of leprosy. It is given by mouth once a day in emulsion with lime water. Once a week it is given intramuscularly in the form of a mixture of chaulmoogra, resorcin and camphor. Those afflicted by scalbies, a very common form of leprosy in which the skin resembles the scales of a fish, are treated with sulphur fumes. The patient is shut in a cabinet hermetically sealed, with nothing but his head protruding. Some flour of sulphur is then burned on a small stove, the fumes of which kill the germs of the disease, and prevent its spread. Plenty of fresh air, cleanliness, proper nourishment, well regulated exercise and amusements, all of which are looked after by the Sisters, contribute to alleviate suffering.

Up to quite recently leprosy was generally considered incurable, but science has made great progress in this respect during the past 25 years. The first successes occurred in Makogai in 1916. Since that time every year from twenty to fifty patients whose cases have been arrested are sent back.

The Chaplains

The first chaplain of the leprosarium was Father John Baptist Schneider, S.M., a native of Luxembourg. After a fruitful ministry in various Fijian stations he was placed in charge of the lepers on October 7, 1911, just one month after the opening of the hospital. As he did not have the Government's permission to reside there permanently, he dwelt at Cawaci, the nearest station. Every Saturday morning he set out from thence in a small open sail boat, the "St. John." After a few hours' difficult and often perilous voyaging, he arrived at Makogai and heard the Confessions of the Catholic patients. On Sunday, he said Mass in the lepers' chapel and on Monday in the Sisters' little community chapel, after which he returned home. He continued these visits until 1913, in spite of the perils of the sea, fatigue, and numerous painful infirmities. His kindness to the lepers was boundless. One day as he was walking to the beach, a leper came to him, complaining that he had sore feet and would like to have a pair of shoes. the good Father took off his own shoes and gave them to him. When the Sister complained that he would have to go barefooted, he replied: "Oh, what does that matter? My feet are not sore." On Monday, June 13, 1913, about 15 minutes after he had started off for his home, the Sisters were startled by the shouts of one of the lepers: "Sisters, come quick. The 'St. John' is sinking!" By the time they reached the shore, the little skiff, caught in a sudden whirlwind had overturned and disappeared, engulfed in the sea. Father Schneider was no more. He had died a victim of his zeal while reciting his Breviary, and only fifteen minutes after having celebrated Mass.

The first chaplain had died at sea. His successor, Father Nicouleau, a native of France, contracted the disease and died a leper. Molokai had its Father Damien; Makogai, now has had its Father Nicouleau. For nine years he labored as chaplain. He was devoted to his leper children. No sacrifice was too great for them. Often when the Sisters prepared him a

(*Continued on page* 12)

EASTER

Risen sun on the silent sea,
And Galilee is a golden foam:
But I would I had seen the light on thee,
That Easter dawning when He came home.

Risen sun on the temple's stone,
And temple steps are a ladder of flame:
But I would I had seen the light that shone
Across thy threshold when Jesus came.

Risen sun o'er Gethsemane,
And Calvary is a Thabored place:
But, oh, for the glory that fell on thee
From the light of thy risen Jesu's Face!

—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt.

LOTS FOR LITTLE

NO DOUBT the title of this article is sufficient to lure everybody into reading it. The fact is that all will gain lots in heaven by doing a little on earth and by sending anything and everything from worn clothes to wooden legs to the *Lots for Little Thrift Shop* in New York. All that you need to do is to send a postcard to: Lots for Little, 902 Third Avenue, New York City, saying, "please send for my rummage"; or else telephone: "Plaza 3-1850."

This shop was organized in 1930 by Miss Agnes F. Keyes, with the help of very faithful workers and the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes. The income from the shop is equally divided among four charities: the Helpers of the Holy Souls,—who do so much good for the poor in New York; the Barat settlement,—which brings relief and cheer to many young people; the Cardinal Gibbons Institute; and our Society. New York friends and out-of-town friends of these charities have been most generous in supplying the goods; while those at Headquarters have the same, if not greater enthusiasm, about selling it than they had when the work was started. This means a great deal. Though times have changed, our good friends' hearts have not changed.

To come to the point: may we ask each and every one of you in and around New York to send something, it does not matter what, to the Shop? As to variety of goods, the shop cannot easily be beaten. When I visited it in February I was shown exquisite black lace scarfs worth over $200, a harp, evening dresses, warm coats, men's suits, ties of every color, false teeth, baby scales, books, knicknacks of all centuries, and what not. The most interesting thing of all is to watch the clientele; men and women coming in and examining everything carefully, weighing all the pros and cons of a coveted article, asking the price, bargaining, and finally departing happy. How much warm garments mean in New York in zero weather!

Many people not accustomed to being reduced to the slenderest of slender means must breath a sigh of relief when they see the *Lots for Little Shop*. Organized from a truly charitable motive, it kills several birds with one stone. It helps the four charities, and the poor buyers and last but not least, the givers, for it is more blessed to give than to receive.

We want to thank the president, all the members of the committee, all the generous workers in the shop, all the benefactors and all those interested and helpful in any way to make the shop a success, and we wish to assure them that we esteem ourselves privileged to be one of the four benefited by the Lots for Little.

Last year (1933) we received $750 for which we are most grateful.

DACCA

Sister M. Therese writes: "I suppose you have read in the home papers all about the earthquake in India. No damage was done in Dacca, but we certainly felt the shake. We went to the chapel during it. The electric ceiling fans and lights swayed from side to side. It lasted for eight minutes.

"All of the Sisters are well here. We have a patient in the European Ward, a Holy Cross Brother who has diphtheria."

R. I. P.

A Missionary's Heroic Death—Uganda

From Uganda has come a tragic but glorious account of the death of Father Wolters, Superior of the White Fathers' Mission, Rubaga. During a severe outbreak of plague which was decimating the native population, Father Wolters learned that a Catholic was dying in a house where three other victims had already been claimed by the dreaded plague. Regardless of the danger, he insisted on visiting the dying man, to whom he administered the Last Sacraments. Two days later Father Wolters began to feel unwell; the symptoms of plague became evident and nothing could be done to save his life. Within two hours of seeing the doctor, Father Wolters was dead. He had been a missionary in Uganda for thirty years. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

IRISH DOCTOR FOR SOUTH SEAS MISSIONS

The services of Dr. J. L. Meagher, a native of Dublin, and four trained nurses have been secured by Bishop Thomas Wade, S.M., Vicar Apostolic of the North Solomon Islands, for his people.

Dr. Meagher graduated from the University of Melbourne and made post-graduate studies at London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Berlin, and Vienna. Two of the nurses are recent converts.

DR. COCHAUX RETURNS TO CONGO

Rome.—Dr. John Cochaux, son of a distinguished physician of Brussels, on September 7, presented his new wife to the Holy Father in a special audience, on the vigil of his departure accompanied by his wife for medical missionary work in the Belgian Congo. Dr. Cochaux returns to the Congo after a brief stay in Belgium. His station is Hemptinne St. Benoit in the Kasai, with the Scheut Missionaries, where he has two Belgian Sisters and seven native nurses in his service. Each morning he examines an average of 200 cases and every afternoon he visits the sick for a radius of 25 miles about the mission. There are 10 Catholic doctors doing medical missionary work in the Belgian Congo. —*The Rock.*

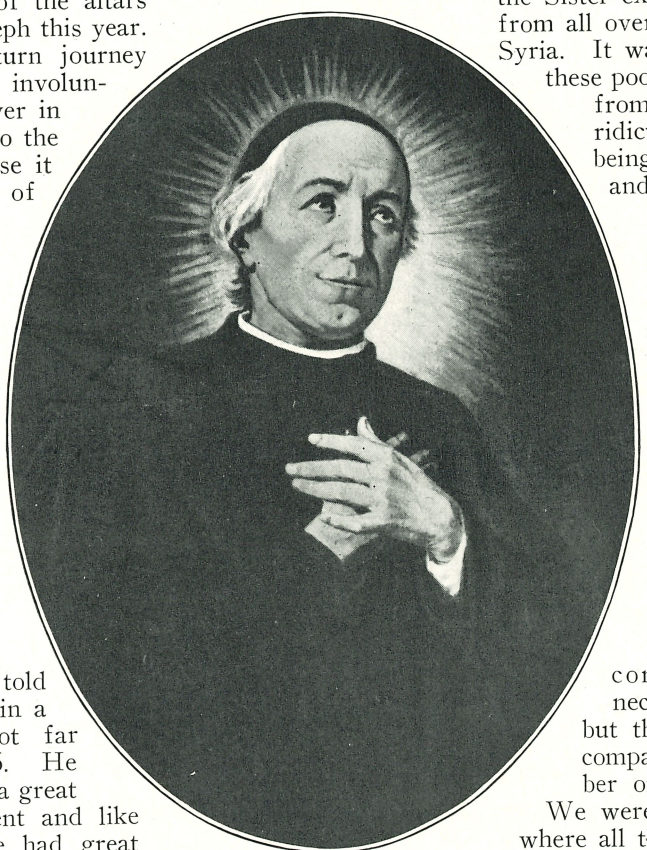
A CITY OF MERCY— FOUNDED BY ST. JOSEPH COTTOLENGO

By ANNA DENGEL

REV. FATHER MATHIS, C.S.C., obtained for us the honor and pleasure of a visit from the late Bishop Shahan several times when he was Rector of the Catholic University and afterwards.

On one occasion he spent practically the whole time telling us of the Little House of Divine Providence in Turin, a veritable city of mercy. It was founded by Cottolengo whom the Church raised to the dignity of the altars on the feast of St. Joseph this year.

Recently on my return journey from India, I had an involuntary two-day's stop-over in Genoa before sailing to the U. S. I decided to use it by learning a lesson of charity. In three hours I was in Turin and fortunately I landed at the so-called *Piccola Casa* founded by the Saint, just at the regular visiting hour. Apparently escorting visitors is a daily event and a Sister, an old hand at it, as one soon found out, is the guide.



GIUSEPPE BENEDETTO COTTOLENGO

First she took us out to a snowy courtyard where she pointed to a statue of St. Cottolengo. She told us that he was born in a place called Bra, not far from Turin, in 1796. He was a priest who was a great admirer of St. Vincent and like his chosen patron, he had great sympathy for every kind of suffering. He gradually provided spiritual and physical care for thousands. The most remarkable thing about his life was his great faith, for he depended entirely on God's Providence from day to day to supply the wants of his ever-growing families. One evening when he had some money left over, he threw it out of the window. Needless to say, it was picked up by passers by. "Deo gratias" were his usual thanks to butchers and bakers, and to rich and poor, who helped him to supply the daily needs of his charges and to pay his large debts.

Even before starting on our tour we realized that this *Piccola Casa* (little house) was a veritable conglomeration of houses. First we were taken to a large hall full of boys. Cretinism, imbecility, idiocy were written over every inch of their beings. These are "our good boys," said the Sister. Presently we were taken to the "good girls" afflicted in the same way. The Saint gave them these names and constituted each into a family as he did with all the different groups of afflicted in the establishment. It was a puzzle to me that so many unfortunates could be found, but the Sister explained that they were from all over, even as far away as Syria. It was a consolation to see these poor people sheltered here from the harshness and the ridicule of the world and being well-housed and fed and even instructed according to their capacity, especially in religious things.

The next family was the deaf-mutes, boys and girls, several hundred of each. A young Sister, trained for this work, asked one of her pupils to say the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" for us. She did it well, considering. What patience, I thought, to spend all day with people with whom communication must necessarily be a strain; but this seemed child's play compared with the next number on the programme.

We were taken to the laundry where all the clothes and linen of the "good boys and girls," the deaf mutes and numerous families, mentioned further on, are washed. Our guide explained that the Sisters who do the washing form a distinct community in themselves and it was left to our imagination to picture what it means to wash year in and year out for the love of God.

Then we went to the kitchen. There were about fifty Sisters cooking; quite a number were pealing potatoes. Everything was on a big scale,—but no chef, nor lay help. The Sister explained that Cottolengo wanted everything done by religious. He founded one community after another as the work or providential circumstances suggested them. They all work together harmoni-

ously. Each has its own "Assistant" as head, but one Priest and one Sister over them all. The Vincentines take care of the inmates in general, while other communities take care of the laundry (as mentioned above) and the linen. The latter is entrusted to the community of the "Pastorelle" (sheperdesses). They also teach catechism to the sick and to others. A community of deaf mutes do beautiful sewing and several cloistered communities combine prayer and work for the good of the house and the world in general. Among the latter are the Pietadines who honor especially in their prayers the passion and death of Our Lord. In the monastery of the Suffrage, the holy souls are constantly prayed for. A community of discalced Carmelites have perpetual adoration and pray particularly for the Holy Father. The Taidines are a community composed of penitents who also have adoration and who pray for girls who are in similar circumstances to what had been theirs previously.

St. Joseph's workshop was a large room where crippled men and boys were bookbinding and doing various other jobs. One man had only one arm, another was a hunchback, and so on.

The work room for crippled girls was next to be seen. Its occupants were all dressed in uniform with little capes and bonnets. Some were mending, others doing embroidery or knitting. Some were making a kind of decoration with shiny yellow paper. I asked them what it was for. They said that they did not know, they were simply told to make it. Two elderly Vincentines were working in the midst of these.

From there we proceeded to another large building to see the sick, infirm and incurable. First we went into the men's ward. I cannot judge how many beds it held, but it was very large and built in the shape of a cross. In the centre of the cross was a large altar from both sides of which Mass could be said. The Holy Sacrifice is offered up daily in the ward. Then I saw what I had often heard about but never actually seen, and that was a young Jesuit tending and fixing up the bed of a sick man. The patients were also looked after by the Vincentines and by Brothers belonging to a congregation founded by Cottolengo. Everything was clean and exceedingly simple and the beds looked very comfortable. They were so curtained that a patient could be entirely private if he so desired. A crucifix hung from the foot of each bed. It was the most thoroughly Catholic hospital I have ever seen.

The women's side was similar, only not quite so large and the altar was at one end of the room and covered during the day to give the impression of a cupboard.

We visited the children's ward last. We went from bed to bed and tried to get a smile out of the youngsters. In some cases we succeeded. A motherly looking Vincentine was at one end of the ward surrounded by a group of little convalescents. She was reciting the rosary with them. The visitors apparently did not interest them in the least. I whispered to the Sister to pray for us. She nodded.

We, having at least a little idea of the work, the Sister took up to the Chapel where the Saint used to say Mass and where his remains are resting. We said a prayer there to this Apostle of Charity imploring him to obtain for us some of his love for souls and suffering humanity. Among the relics of the Saint we saw a great number of pictures of Our Lady which he had collected. In the hall where they were displayed, canaries in a guilt cake were chirping gaily. "We keep them to preserve the tradition of our Founder who always had some in front of Our Lady to sing to her," the Sister said.

Last of all we went to the church which was just then under repair. Several Sisters were praying there. Our guide said that day and night there is somebody praying before the Blessed Sacrament to ask Divine Providence for the spiritual and temporal needs for the *Piccola Casa;* to banish sin from it and to keep it from all evils. These were the great objects the Saint worked for.

To provide spiritual care for the large families he had established, he founded in 1840, shortly before his death, a society of priests dedicated to the Blessed Trinity.

A visit to this little house of Divine Providence with its 3,000 inmates is an event in one's life. It is a tangible proof of the goodness of God's Providence. A world which tries to eliminate all those who cannot fight the battle of life for themselves, who, in modern pagan language, are a burden to the community, is here shown how a burden may become a labor of love.

We learn from the *Catholic Medical Quarterly* that an International Congress of Catholic Physicians will assemble in Paris soon to commemorate the golden jubilee of the French Medical Society of SS. Luke, Cosmas, and Damian, which was founded in September, 1884, at the suggestion of Pope Leo XIII, and, in the interval, has become the parent or at least the model of other similar societies of Catholic doctors all over the world. The Month suggests that the planned great assemblage of Catholic physicians draw up, with the sanction of the Church, a much-needed guide to what is lawful and unlawful in medical practice. "The very formulation of a uniform code, which has special regard to 'border-line' cases, would be of the greatest help to the conscientious yet isolated practitioner." Yes, and to a great many others who are not so isolated, but too busy or insufficiently equipped to study the innumerable doubtful cases which constantly arise, in the light of approved Catholic moral teaching.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

THE MEDICAL MISSION VOCATION

By Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C.

Chapter III

Religious Profession

The spiritual training required as the most important missionary qualification is satisfied by the religious character of the Society. In fact it is the principal reason for having organized our medical mission work as a religious community. Another reason for having organized in this way is the conviction that the work thus undertaken on the foreign mission field will have a greater guarantee of stability, continuity, and effectiveness than would otherwise be the case.

From the religious standpoint, the candidate to our Society consecrates her medical profession to God's service by embracing a life of poverty, chastity and obedience, as observed in other religious communities of women. The religious life in itself is a profession by which one cuts oneself off from family life and is set apart by the Church with appropriate means to lead a life of spiritual perfection. As a profession, it requires at least two years of training to learn the principles of religious life, and a whole lifetime to put them into practice. The two years of training required by this Society is made up of six months of candidacy, one year of novitiate, and six months of scholasticate.

THE OUT-OF-DOORS STATIONS AT THE MOTHERHOUSE

The six months of candidacy must be spent either at the Motherhouse in Washington, or, in the case of European candidates, at the London center. For all practical purposes, candidates follow the classes and spiritual exercises of the novices, excepting only that this period is not quite so strict as the novitiate. The purpose of these first six months is to determine whether the candidate really has a vocation for the Society through personal experience in the community.

Twice a year, the 15th of August and the 11th of February, candidates are invested with the garb of the Society and begin officially the year of Novitiate. The year of novitiate is one of strict retirement from the world. It has for its purpose to master the principles of the religious life, as lived in the Society, both in theory and in practice. The obvious purpose of the novitiate is to lay a foundation of solid virtue that will start one on the path of perfection.

Charity and the spirit of sacrifice are the two virtues which the Society seeks in candidates and tries to develop in its novices as the distinguishing marks of membership in this Institute.

The six months following the novitiate are called the scholasticate. They are also passed at the Motherhouse and form the link between the novitiate and one's practical work in the Society. This work will be either medical missions, for those who are already professionals, or medical school, or nurses' training or further education for those who are not professionals. For those in the scholasticate, the novitiate regime is mitigated only in so far as it is necessary to achieve the ends proposed.

Medical Profession

The members are either doctors or nurses when they enter the Society, or they must be prepared for this profession after their religious training. As the character of this training is well known, it will be useful here to point out only what it should be from the two-fold standpoint of the religious and the missionary professions.

The members take up medicine or nursing as religious. That is, they reside in a religious house, under community rules, and go out daily to their medical or nursing classes and return again to the community in the evening.

Finally, may I make a practical suggestion to confessors who are almost always called upon for advice in determining the question of a person's vocation? It concerns the most appropriate time for a candidate to enter the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries or any other community that does medical work.

First of all, it is a rather striking fact that few doctors or nurses enter religious life. Why is this the case? There is a reason that seems to be fundamental: members of the medical profession or medical students have determined what they want to do in life, and consequently few think of entering a religious community. Even those who think of it feel that it is better to finish their training before entering. After graduation there is a strong temptation and frequently the necessity to earn money by the profession. As a consequence, it becomes more difficult each year to join a religious community and as the years go by more difficult still to fit into community life.

The reason why professional medical people find community life specially difficult is that their profession develops an independent and self-sustaining personality. When, therefore, they enter a community their personal habits are already too fixed to be easily moulded according to any other pattern. Hence, they find the so-called peculiarities of community life irritating.

We might compare this difficulty to a person adopted into another family in adult age. The characteristic features of the adopting family, which are the sources of pleasure and happiness to its members, will be peculiarities and oddities to the adopted man or woman.

In view of these facts, when should candidates for the medical and nursing professions enter a religious community? I once answered this question for a priest by telling him that they should enter as young as possible. He replied, "'you mean as green as possible." This answer is, of course, a hyperbolic expression, but it has a kernel of truth in it. They must be young enough to adapt themselves in their personal habits to family ideals which may often be different from those to which they are accustomed. Practically speaking, as soon as a young woman has determined to enter a medical mission community she should take the step, no matter at what stage of her studies or work she may happen to be. I am not speaking of children in the grade schools or in the early years of high school. I am referring to young women who have at least completed their sixteenth year.

The point to be emphasized is that studies, especially professional study, both medicine and nursing, should be discontinued as soon as convenient to the official opening of the novitiate and the religious formation taken up immediately. After two years of religious training, professional studies can be resumed and prosecuted by the student as a religious. This will enable the Sister to develop the independent and self-reliant personality of the professional medical woman with a love for her religious community and its practices that will help her rather than irritate her as would ordinarily be the case if she entered the Society as a full-fledged professional.

The need for the scientific conduct of medical missions is so widespread and the foundation of a community to conduct Catholic medical missions on the field is so obviously desirable that there is little wonder our headquarters have been literally swamped with requests for our missioners from Bishops of almost every foreign mission land. We would gladly answer each one of these requests by opening up new foundations. But this is obviously impossible for a community that is only eight years old and that is undertaking a new work which requires a special vocation and, ordinarily, years of professional training.

Our practical hope of meeting this huge demand is the number of the candidates at the Motherhouse and the prospect of future vocations which will be directed to us very largely by priests in the homeland. The present enrollment at the Motherhouse is 26. This includes 17 novices and two sister students at American medical schools.

(*The End*)

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man?

—Wordsworth.

MEANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY

(*Continued from page* 3)

They then formed a body and very graciously took us from room to room and house to house. There really was not much to see. The rooms were clean, but rather dark. Besides beds and trunks there was little furniture. In a dark corner of one room was an empty rather quaint looking cradle. One of our escort pointed to a small, pale, and much bejewelled woman as the wife of the owner of this group of buildings. She had had four children, they told me, and they all died. The poor woman remained silent, but she looked sad. I inquired about the medical aid in the villages and isolated houses of this region and one of our party who was the tax collector of this region said that there was none in some places and in others it was very inadequate.

I intended to go from Karachi to Bombay by boat, but no accomodations could be had. I had therefore, to go overland by what is considered a roundabout and uninteresting route. I agreed that is was roundabout, but not uninteresting. During the first part of the journey, the landscape was not exciting,—stretches of sand interspersed with shrubs and cacti; here and there strips of green with the ubiquitous goats. In Hyderabad Sind, quite a large city, we had a short stopover. I took advantage of it to have a look at this desert city. Large windshields which are slanted over every chimney give the city a strange appearance. I suppose it is to prevent the sand from blowing into the houses. The bazaars in India are usually of the winding in and out type. In Hyderabad, however, there is a main one which is a narrow but a very long street on the sides of which merchandise are invitingly displayed.

During the first part of the journey, I had very few travelling companions, but once we were well beyond the desert and were travelling through the native state of Marwar, it became more lively. In one corner of my compartment sat a Mohammedan woman who sheltered in a fold of her voluminous burkha (veil) what seemed to be an angelically behaved infant. When the ticket collector came around, he insisted on seeing the little angel. The latter turned out to be a sturdy two, or three-year-old. The woman opposite me, an apparently well-to-do person had two youngsters travelling with her. Every time the ticket collector's shadow was seen, the younger of the two was tucked energetically under mother's ample skirts from whence, every now and then, he clamored to be released. The woman, who seemed to be very tired, told me the purpose of her journey. She showed me an abscess which she said she wanted to have treated and in order to get satisfactory medical aid had to travel from 1 p. m. until 9 p. m. At about 4 o'clock she ate a substantial meal. The older of the sons told me later in the evening that his mother and father, being Jains, always ate whilst there was daylight so as not to take the chance of swallowing living things. One of the most important tenets of the Jain religion is not to kill a living thing. As the little fellow himself was munching away, I asked him why he was eating. "I am only a little boy," he said in a very gentle voice. He looked about 12.

On the bench beyond me was a regular little coquette. She was a Rajput, and was bedecked with jewels from head to foot. From the head ornament I could see that she was already married, though she looked very young. With her colorful headdress and jacket, her earrings, nose ring, necklaces and her bracelets from the wrist to well beyond the elbow, she was a real picture. I examined her solid silver anklets. They must have weighed several pounds. In answer to my assertion that it must be hard for her to carry such a load, she only smiled. I asked her if she would allow me to take her picture, but she refused. She was friendly, but I suppose she was afraid that it was not the proper thing to do. When a male relative came to the window to bring her some food, I asked his permission. This he gladly gave and his consent meant hers. However, as the news spread like wildfire, before I was ready to snap it, there was such a

A TYPICAL RAJPUT BEDECKED WITH JEWELS

crowd that I had to act quickly and the result was that the picture was a failure. After that all the women in the compartment took part in our friendly conversation, even an old Hindu widow with shorn hair, who was fingering her beads. Of course in their turn they wanted to know where I was from and what I was doing.

In the evening we reached Ahmedabab. We had over an hour's stop so I examined the bookstall on the platform. I saw several volumes about Ghandi. I said to the man: "This is the city of Ghandi. Are there many of his disciples at his famous *Ashram* who have pledged themselves by the five vows?" "No," he replied, "they are all gone." I thought to myself that it takes the Catholic Church to make men and women (on a large scale) persevere under vows.

I arrived in Bombay in the morning. On January 11, I embarked on the *Victoria,* the fastest boat of the Lloyd Triestino Line, between Bombay and Naples. We made the trip in ten days. After a two days' wait, I sailed from Genoa on the Rex on January 24. The Rex has everything one could desire, even a permanent chapel with the Blessed Sacrament reserved. Of course it is only right that our Lord should have a place in such a large travelling parish especially as the majority of the passengers are Italians and Catholics, not to mention the crew,—quite a population in themselves.

After a short passage of six and one-half days, we sighted the Statue of Liberty in New York and landed on January 31 with the temperature at 14° F. below zero. I was happy to arrive the same day at our little Motherhouse in Washington and to see old faces and new ones, too,—Deo gratias!

THE LEPER COLONY OF MAKOGAI

(*Continued from page* 5)

special meal, he would leave it untouched and give it to some weary leper. For hours at a time he would sit on a mat beside some unfortunate leper, trying to comfort him. After he had spent nine years at the leprosarium, the appearance of certain spots on his body made him suspect that he had contracted the malady When the doctors pronounced him a leper he sang the Magnificat to thank the Blessed Virgin for having obtained for him the grace to be accepted as a victim. This modern hero died on March 10, 1928, and is buried among his dear lepers. Father Marcel, a native of Lyons is now the chaplain.

With such examples before them, is it any wonder that many of the lepers become Catholics? From the foundation of the hospital till 1923, there were only 77 Catholic patients out of a total of 837. In that time there were 151 conversions (89 Protestants and 62 pagans.) Now it is a common occurrence for the dying lepers to ask for baptism. The Sisters will whisper that these conversions are due to the prayers of their carmelite associates in France,—for each one has a Carmelite praying for the success of her work.

Will you not also whisper a little prayer to the Great Friend of Lepers for the welfare of these devoted servants and their suffering charges?

—"Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist," by Dr. Thomas Dwight, a book that has exceptional value for the Catholic apologist, can new be had for 30 cents postpaid from Mrs. Thomas Dwight, 90 Ivy Street, Brookline, Mass.

WITCH DOCTOR

MARIANNHILL, SO. AFRICA.—An account of witch doctor horrors, illustrating what missionaries must face and must fight to lift the people from their superstitions, comes from the Vicariate of Mariannhill.

One day in May a little native boy of five years, failed to return to his home and though a long search was carried on in the district, nothing was revealed until the police, after persistent inquiry learned that he had been carried off by a witch doctor. The man had been seen with a bag on his shoulder from which came weak cries of pain and fright; some natives peering into the bag had seen the child, but no one dared to stop a witch doctor. Some time afterward the body was found. A hand and an ear, to be used in medicine, had been cut off while the child was still alive, and some other organs of the body had been removed while the throat was slit from ear to ear.—*The Rock.*

"Jesus! Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,
To teach the world of Thee;
May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
Of Thy simplicity."

—*Father Faber.*

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